

or Scandinavian Runic remains—about 2,000 in Scandinavia alone—may be said to commence. He hopes to produce the work in one volume quarto this year; but, before he gets to press, wishes to procure one hundred subscribers at one guinea each to secure him from loss, profit from such a work being out of the question.

—Neville Temple and Edward Trevor, the authors of "Tamburine; or, the Battle of the Bards," a poem which has been received in London with more than common favor, are, it is said, no other than Mr. Robert Bulver Lytton, better known as Owen Meredith, and the Hon. Julian Fane, son of the late Earl of Westmoreland, Ambassador at Vienna. "As pointed out in our columns of the 13th ult.," says *The Athenaeum*, "Tamburine" was evidently inspired by Tennyson, but, on a closer inspection, *The Oriental Bazaar* reports wholesale plunder and imitation. Owen Meredith is notorious as among the cleverest and most unblushing of plagiarists; but why take the Hon. Julian Fane into partnership? However, Mr. Fane has "privileges" that way. When in 1850 he took the Chancellor's medal at the University of Cambridge for the English poem, it was remarked that his verses had a very strong flavor of Milton's *Lycidas*.

—Mr. Froude, in *Fraser*, returns to his charge against Queen Elizabeth, publishing the documents upon which he relies. They certainly prove that the Bishop of Aquila, the Spanish envoy in London, reported to his master that the Queen was in love, or worse, with Lord Robert Dudley, that she had promised to marry him, that she expected the death of any other man, and that the Protestant party were inclined to compel her to name a Protestant heir to the throne. They also prove, though not so completely, that the bishop was not deliberately lying. But they do not prove by any means that the Queen ever intended to marry the Earl of Leicester, that she was privy to the murder of any other man, or that Cecil was ever disloyal to his mistress, except in contemplating a certain course in a contingency which never occurred.

—*The London Critic* says, apropos of Mr. Motley's "History of the Netherlands": "As our American friends fear Mr. Motley, voluminous literature, even with high talent in it, is a bad passport to immortality. Posterity will have its own precious affairs to look after, and its own bright books to read, and much we are proud of and enjoy will be of no account with them. Nothing will more certainly insure the neglect of some of our best writers than their diffuseness, and they will be known, if known at all in the future, merely by name, and in shreds and patches. How many a hundred years hence, will read Macaulay, Motley, Alison, Huckle, Froude, Prescott, Bancroft, not to mention lesser names who provoke, delight, and instruct us to-day!"

—A small volume, a Correspondence between Voltaire and the Duchess of Saxe-Gotha, has just appeared at Paris (Didier). Beside his letters, the volume is said to contain several articles by the famous author, not printed till now. The Duchess remained his sincere friend during his quarrel with Frederick the Great; it was by her desire that he wrote his "Annals of the German-Roman Empire." In the letter which accompanied the completed work he writes to her, "All is done, and I place about ten centuries at your feet, where I would rather have been emanated since the days of King Dagobert, none is as great as mine when I feel the Thüringian Paradise."

—An English paper, in allusion to the affair between Mr. Malone and M. de Chailin, says that the former "mezzured the *addition* of expectation by insulting a warm-tempered man, and abusing a book without having read it." Meanwhile, Mr. Murray having not examined two large editions of Du Chailin's book, is about issuing a third; and the British Museum, after purchasing the mammoth in his collection, has now secured a collection of his birds, including, according to Professor Owen and Mr. George Gray (the first ornithologist in the kingdom), twenty-four distinct species.

—Mr. Murray announces "The Lives of the Kings," with an account of their principal works; comprising also a history of inland communication in Britain, by Samuel Smiles, author of the "Life of George Stephenson," and "Self-Help." The first two volumes will contain Sir Hugh Myddelton, and other early engineers; James Brindley and the Duke of Bridgewater; James Smoot, John Rennie, and Thomas Telford.

—Messrs. Saunders & Osley are preparing to publish another work from the clever author of "Crupen Ken," under the title of "Gibson Gyps: a Chronicle of the Crush-crew," and a work on "The Literary Women of England," a book which, if it enumerates all the literary women of England, will be a work of some magnitude; also, a work on the "Present Position of the Whig Party."

—Mr. Daniel Henry Haigh is engaged on "The Conquest of Britain by the Saxons: a Harmony of the History of the Britons, the works of Gibbon, the Brit and the Saxon Chronicle with reference to the Events of the Fifth and Sixth Centuries." This work he will follow up with another on "The Anglo-Saxon Sagas: an Examination of their Value as Historical Evidence." Both will be published by Mr. J. Russell Smith, London.

—The Memoir, Letters, and Remains of M. de Tocqueville, so long announced by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., London, are deferred until November. The translation will be by the author of "Napoleon's Correspondence with King Joseph," and large additions are promised to the French edition, which has already been so favorably reviewed in England.

—The Rev. J. W. Burgon, whose life of Patrick Fraser Tytler will be remembered, has a volume of "Letters from Rome, Written to Friends at Home," on hand, which will be published in London toward the close of the year by Mr. Murray.

—*The Athenaeum* gives very high praise to a novel called "Paul Foster's Daughter," by Dutton Cook, which has "a pleasant vagabond Bohemian relish about it."

—Messrs. Nisbet & Co. have in press "The Experience of a Scripture Reader among the Colliers of South Staffordshire," and "Black Diamonds; or, The Gospel in the Coal Mines."

—Messrs. Longman will issue next month an extra volume of Henry Mayhew's "London Labor and the London Poor."

—The thirteenth volume of Thiers's *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire* was announced in London for the 12th inst.

—Lady Llanover, it is stated, has three more volumes of Mrs. Delany's Memoirs nearly ready for the press.

—Earl Stanhope's Life of William Pitt will be completed in a third and fourth volume, which are said to be in an advanced state of preparation.

—Mr. Thomas Colley Grattan is about to publish his Recollections, Literary and Political.

—Mr. Bentley is about to publish a "Cook's Guide for the Middle Classes," composed by M. Francatelli.

—Miss Mulock is said to be preparing a new novel for Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, London.

We regret to hear that the well-known poet, Edward A. McLaughlin, is lying seriously ill with bronchial consumption and paralysis of the lower limbs, accompanied with much debility. Mr. McLaughlin is entitled to the sympathy and substantial assistance of every gentleman connected with the press and current literature of the day, in all its departments, intellectual and artistic. He has, as we learn, prepared a third and last edition of his writing, for publication, which effort he has devoted a considerable portion of his leisure for the last ten years. His wish is to publish by subscription, for the benefit of his wife and children, in the event of his being taken from them and with a laudable ambition to leave among his countrymen an honorable name. We trust that his solicitation may meet with general favor and a generous response from the Eastern, Middle, and

Western States. It is but just to Mr. McLaughlin to state that he never published anything under his own name until he took the Prize Address for the Franklin Theater, at the age of 34. He is a native of the State of Connecticut, was reared from boyhood in New-York, and composed nearly one-half his writings in Cincinnati and Columbus, Ohio, during a residence of some seven years.

## ART ITEMS.

—The British public has lately been stirred by a question which, to the people on this side of the water, may appear exceedingly frivolous. Yet we wish that such frivolities did, now and then, occupy the attention of our public and our public men. The English Government are about to erect new offices for the accommodation of the Foreign Department in London, and the question of the style of architecture which shall be adopted, whether Gothic or Italian, has been discussed in Parliament, in the leading newspapers, reviews and magazines, with as much earnestness, vivacity and personal rancor, as though it were a question of constitutional liberty. The architects, the artists, and the cultivated classes generally, and particularly those belonging to the High Church and Conservative party, were decidedly in favor of the Gothic, but Lord Palmerston, who, as it happened, was at last put down by sheer force of official power, and decided that the new offices shall be constructed in the Italian style, which has led the disaffected Goths to give the name of "Palma's positive order" to what they call the new order of architecture. Here in New-York we are going to have a new court-house built in the Park, and not one man in a hundred thousand knows or cares whether it is to be of the Gothic, Italian, or Egyptian order.

Since the market for all kinds of works of art has been nearly destroyed in the great cities on this side the Atlantic, by the all-engrossing and all-devouring rebellion, it will be interesting to our artists to learn that there is a prospect of an opening for their works on the other side. Mr. Nichols, a projected enterprise of an American gallery of art in London promises to be successful, and we learn that the projector was to leave Liverpool on the 17th inst. for New-York for the purpose of making arrangements to carry out his design. He had made a very good beginning in the sale of George L. Brown's "Crown of New-England" to the Prince of Wales for £1,000; so, the "Crown of New-England" will become the property of the crown of Old England, and with its companion picture, "The Bay and City of New-York," which was presented to H. R. H., will be catalogued among the heirlooms of Windsor Castle. The Prince of Wales manifested his satisfaction with Mr. Nichols's part in the transaction, by presenting him a diamond pin, worth two hundred dollars, which is spoken of as "magnificent." But we know how much magnificence in the shape of diamonds can be procured for that amount. However, the giver, and not the gift, that makes the value of a complimentary present.

—The Earl of Dudley, known in the musical world hitherto as Lord Ward, gave an entertainment at his mansion in London lately in aid of the "Society of Female Artists." Jenny Lind was the principal singer. The editor of *Daily Telegraph* was present, and he says: "Ten years, of course, with their domestic duties, have not laid the outward person wholly unchanged; but the same soul, ever young, lit up the face in song; as she sang she became the Muse, as formerly. When she began, I thought the voice had grown a little worn and hard, but it always had to struggle for a moment through a slight veil, but its intrinsic richness and all-conquering beauty made it the more interesting on that account. I heard but one remark of all sides—and the critics echoed it the next day, even the skeptical ones of old-to wit: that the great singer never seemed in better, fresher voice, never in fuller possession of her powers, and that she never sang better in her life." It is said that Jenny will shortly resume her profession in public.

—The most successful undertaking among our art-producers, since the outbreak of the "great rebellion," has been the publication of Church's famous picture, called "Our Banner in the Sky." The picture itself could not be so familiar to the public eye as need describing. It was a most felicitous conception, and though a rapid sketch, painted on a very small canvas, it may be ranked among the great successes of the distinguished artist. Mr. J. L. Loringman purchased the original sketch for two hundred dollars, and Mr. Knickerbocker & Co. paid two hundred dollars for the copyright for the privilege of publishing lithographic copies of it. It fascinated the popular eye as soon as it was exhibited in shop windows, and the publisher has already made a profit of fifteen hundred dollars by the transaction. The picture is not so valuable for its truth to nature, for it is, like all fantasies, a distortion of natural effects; but it is true enough to touch the patriotic instincts of the popular heart.

—Apropos of Mr. George L. Brown, that artist who has returned from Long Branch, where he painted a very characteristic scene, investing the sand banks of New-Jersey with the mellow tints of his Italian landscapes. He is still at work on his large "Nigars" by sunset, a companion to his *Nigars* by moonlight, and when it is completed he is going to the Catskills to make studies for another large picture of the size of the *Crown of New-England*. He is the most indefatigable of artists, and as Poe said of Bulwer-Lytton, he seems to be possessed of a "working devil." He paints as the birds sing, because he can't help it. When he is not painting he is sketching, or etching.

—We mentioned some weeks since that inquiries had been made in respect to the disposition of the fund realized from the sale of the pictures contributed by artists for the "Patriotic Fund." The committee of our artists who were intrusted with the management of the money, which was something less than \$5,000, very properly determined not to place it at the disposal of the Union Defense Committee, but to be their own donors. They have, accordingly, bestowed the money in such a manner as they felt would be most in accordance with the wishes of the donors, in relieving the necessities of the families of volunteers.

—It may be an item of interest to artists to learn that Mr. H. W. Derby, the proprietor of the Dusseldorf Gallery, the owner of the Dead Pearl Diver, the Fisher Girl, a duplicate or triplicate of the Greek Slave, and several other well-known pieces of statuary, and the owner of the new Fine-Art Gallery in Broadway, was among the passengers by the Great Eastern last week from Quebec.

—Her Majesty's Commissioners have arranged the principles and general details of the Catalogue for the Exhibition of 1862. Three catalogues will be issued: an "Industrial Catalogue," an "Illustrated Catalogue," and a "Fine-Art Catalogue." All matters of a general kind intended for insertion must be sent in to the Secretary before February 1; all advertisements before March 1.

—At Colnaghi's Gallery, Pall-Mall, London, there are several American paintings on exhibition which have attracted favorable attention from English critics and connoisseurs. Among them, the paintings are landscapes by Kenneth and Innes; that of Kenneth is his "Kauterskill Cove," which will be well remembered by New-York amateurs.

—Mr. Page is engaged upon a full-length portrait of Mr. Hiram Barney, the Collector of the port. It is so striking a likeness of that amiable official that if it were exhibited, even in its unfinished state, in a public place, it would be in danger of being beset by a crowd of eager applicants for places in the Custom-House.

—They have "The Musical Union" in Australia, which gave the first performance of the second season on the 22d of May. Mendelssohn's "Walmgong Night" and Mr. Henry Leslie's "Judith" were played and sung by an orchestra of fifty-two and a chorus of one hundred.

—The Emperor of Russia has commissioned Tarkenton to form a powerful Italian company—himself, of

course, included—for next season. He has made a number of engagements in London, and with his recruits, is to depart for Warsaw immediately.

—At the examination of the pupils of the Conservatoire the other day, two are announced as having distinguished themselves greatly—Mlle. Cico, a brilliant soprano, and M. Caron, a baritone.

—Albion H. Bicknell, a young artist of Boston, left in the steamer Fulton for Europe, and proposes to pass a few years at Paris in the studio of one of the most distinguished painters.

—The rumor that Adolphe Parté is engaged to be married to one of the Rothschilds, is pronounced by the family at least premature.

—At Stockholm, a police order has been issued prohibiting preambulating singers and players from exercising their calling in the streets.

—Mr. Roger (French journals announce) is going to Russia; some state on a five years' engagement, at an enormous salary.

—Sonnet recently passed through London on his way to Italy.

—Blackwood suggests a Society for the Prevention of Diocesan and Inventions.

## PERSONAL.

—Mr. Willis happened to be in positions which commanded a good view of the Prince Napoleon's person and dress, and of Mr. Lincoln at his toilette, while these distinguished gentlemen were interchanging civilities at Washington recently. The official dinner was to come off at 7 p. m., and Mr. Willis, lounging with his friends on a long settee which stood opposite the Presidential mansion, was led to wonder whether "Abe," lounging at the window of his private room, "in his gray coat, with his knees up to his chin," would have time enough to dress in, for it now lacked only 30 minutes of the hour. But the expression of anxiety had scarcely passed his lips when "up jumped the lively successor of George Washington, and took a seat in another chair—the body-servant, who had entered the room, proceeding immediately to put the cloth around the respected throat and shave that portion of the honored face which had not 'taken the veil.' In three minutes more, said holder of the Executive by the nose shook his official napkin out of the window, giving to the Summer wind, this carelessly, whatever had fallen from the Inaugurated President; and the remainder of the toilet was promptly enough! The long arms were busy about the tall head for a moment, probably with brush or comb—there was a stoop, probably for tidied disengagement, and, immediately after, a sudden gleam of white linen lifted aloft—a momentary extension of elbows with the tying of the cravat and a putting on of the black coat—and then, the retiring figure of the dressed President was lost to our sight. The toilet of the sovereign of the great realm of the West—which we had been thus privileged to see, through the open window of his dressing-room—had occupied precisely twenty-two minutes, by my anxiously-consulted watch. Presently thereafter Mr. Willis saw the entire dinner party standing, as if for their pictures, upon the superbly carved central portico. The Prince "beamed, now, as if he had grown tall without the consent of his head, (his shoulders being so much above his skin that he would be very likely to doctor a long-complaint for a cold in the head), and a more august-looking nobility I have seldom seen! Stretching his neck for him would doubtless be a prolonging of his life."

Mr. Willis mentions the case of a very tall and portly old gentleman who approached his Royal Highness on the floor of the House of Representatives, and to the surprise of the whole party, made no sign of other making an inclination, or of lifting or removing his tall black hat! He remained in conversation for five or ten minutes, and then walked away with equal unconcernedness—that still on and no hand raised to lift—though the bare-headed Prince bowed to him most deferentially as he left. This old gentleman has long been "the head and representative of the Western aristocracy," and his life has been passed in high places. Mr. Willis thinks, therefore, that "it is settled for history, exactly with what response and recognition the courtly-bared head of a Prince of Europe was met on the floor of Congress, in 1861, by the American hat!"

—Few living persons know the early history of the "Ministerial Whitehall." On the banks of Dagenham Lake once stood a cottage occupied by a princely merchant named Preston, a Baronet of Scotland and Nova Scotia, and some time M. P. for Dover. He called it his "fishing cottage," and often in the spring went off with a friend or two to escape the toils of Parliamentary and mercantile duties. Mr. Rose once invited to Sir Robert that Mr. Pitt, of whose friendship they were both justly proud, would, no doubt, much delight in the comfort of such a retreat. A day was named, and the Premier was accordingly invited, and received with great cordiality at the "fishing cottage." He was so well pleased with his visit and the hospitality of the baronet—that they were all considered two, if not three battle-ment, that, on taking leave, Mr. Pitt readily accepted an invitation for the following year, Sir Robert engaging to remind him at the proper time. For a few years Mr. Pitt was an annual visitor at Dagenham House, and he was always accompanied by "Old George Rose." Greenwich was suggested as a more convenient *salle a manger* for the three members of the Trinity-house—for Pitt was also a distinguished member of that august fraternity. The party was now changed from a trio to a quartet, Mr. Pitt having requested to be permitted to bring Lord Candlish. Soon after this migration a fifth guest was invited, Mr. Long, afterward Lord Farnborough. All still were the guests of Sir Robert Preston; but, one by one, other notables were invited (all of the Tory school), and at last Lord Candlish considerably remarked that, as they were all dining at a tavern, it was only fair that Sir Robert Preston should be released from the expense. It was then arranged that the dinner should be given as usual by Sir Robert Preston; that is to say, at his invitation, and he insisted on still contributing a buck and champagne, but the rest of the charges of nine lost were thereupon defrayed by the several guests, and on this plan the meeting continued to take place annually till the death of Mr. Pitt. Sir Robert was requested in the following year to summon the several guests, the list of whom by this time included most of the Cabinet Ministers. The time for meeting was usually after Trinity Monday, a short period before the end of the Session. By degrees a meeting, which was originally purely gastronomic, appears to have assumed, in consequence of the long reign of the Tories, a political or semi-political character. In the year 1828, Sir Robert Preston died, but the affairs had become so consolidated by long custom that the "fish dinner," as it was now called, survived; and Mr. Long undertook to summon the several guests to the "Ministerial fish dinner," the Private Secretary of the late Sir Robert Preston furnishing to the Private Secretary of Lord Farnborough the names of the noblemen and gentlemen who had been usually invited.

—The Duke of Buckingham and Chandos has died at the age of 61. He was born in the house in Pall Mall which bears his name on the 11th of February, 1797. His education as a boy was private. As he grew up he went to Oxford. In 1819 he married Lady Mary Campbell, daughter of the late and sister of the present Lord Breadalbane, by whom he had two children, a son, Marquis de Chandos, who succeeds to the title, and a daughter, Lady Anne Gore Langton. He entered the House of Commons in 1826 as member for Bucks, which County he represented till the death of his father in 1830. When Sir Robert Peel came into office he was made a Cabinet Minister, with the office of Lord Privy Seal, but when the Premier proposed to deal with the Corn laws in 1842, the Duke, rather than permit the question to be opened, retired from the Government. He never again held office. *The Times* says that he will be best remembered for his misfortune. Through his mother he represented one

of the most noble houses in the land, the long line of his ancestors being all famed for their magnificence; this one known as "The King of Cotswold," and that as "The Prince of Chandos." Through his father he was head of that family of Temples which, including the Grenvilles, has given more statesmen to the nation than any other in the land—First Lords of the Treasury, First Lords of the Admiralty, Chancellors of the Exchequer, Secretaries of State without number. The family had wealth corresponding to its renown, and, above all, such a treasure-house in its mansion at Stowe as could only have been treated by long generations of men exalted in station, abounding in luxury, and accustomed to all the refinements of life. All vanished under the hammer. All the priceless heirlooms of an illustrious family were scattered over the world, to be sold in shops, and to glitter, some in the halls of hotels, others in drawing-rooms of self-made men. The broad acres went with the treasures which it would be more difficult to replace, and the Duke of Buckingham found himself stripped of his heritage, the owner of little more than the titles of his ancestors. He lost even his wife, who got a divorce from him.

—Mrs. Lincoln's arrival at Long Branch on Friday was the cause of excitement along the coast. It was designed that thirty-four little girls, all dressed in white, should receive her at the depot, but only twenty-seven could be found and got ready in time. The only original Jenkins of *The Herald* states that "next Wednesday or Thursday, a grand ball will be given at the Mansion House. As Mrs. Lincoln is a great admirer of music, never misses an opportunity to visit the opera, and has already delighted the *habitués* of the White House by a few *recherché* private concerts at Washington, it is designed to secure Carotta Patti, the only rival of Adolphe, for a grand concert in Mrs. Lincoln's honor, to be given some time next week. This was undoubtedly the object of Grant's visit here last week, of which I wrote you, and you may shortly expect to see him here again. Grant's terms, however, always rise with the occasion, and he has such a gem in Carotta that he is fairly master of the situation. I think he will come, however, as negotiations are already in progress. Mrs. Lincoln cannot but be pleased with such an entertainment. Mrs. Lincoln designs to remain here for about ten days. Carriages and riding ponies have been provided for the whole party, and I am sure that there is every disposition and every arrangement to make their stay here comfortable and enjoyable."

—A company is being formed in Manchester to supply London with more common omnibuses by the time the Great Exhibition commences next year. There is more room in them; there is more glass in the sides, and consequently more light; there is no door, therefore more air; the steps are low and wide, rendering ascent or descent easy, with a handsome hood or porch to cover the entrance, and forming a shelter for the conductor, who has plenty of standing room, instead of being perched on a "monkey board." He communicates with the driver by a glass placed under the footboard of the latter, and having a pull at the back of the vehicle. The driver has a "lever" at his feet, by which he applies a "brake" to the wheels, to assist the horses in stopping the machine. This, it is said, prevents a vast deal of "wear and tear" in the harness and harness, indeed, the latter article is reduced to the smallest possible quantity. A bridle (generally without blinkers, reins, collar, with lances and traces, are all that is used. Three horses abreast are the prevailing fashion, although sometimes a "leader" is added. The access to the roof is rendered easy by means of well-constructed ladders or steps at each side of the back of the bus. When the top is reached there is no "buffalo road," but a comfortable, well-furnished seat, with projecting rails, to enable the passengers to move easily and safely about.

—The wife of Dr. Broadhurst, a London physician, has not so far in much the same horrible manner as the wife of Prof. Longfellow. The Doctor left her with a note in the drawing-room, but was recalled by a loud cry of "Fire on fire!" He rushed down and found his wife in the middle of the drawing-room, enveloped in flames. Her clothes were entirely consumed, and the furniture near her was on fire. She had a white muslin dress. She did not seem to have lost her presence of mind, for she requested the rug to be rolled round her, and the bell to be rung for the servants, which he did, and extinguished the flames about the upper part of her person. Immediately the bell was rung, three servants rushed in, and he believed the reason of their being so near the door was because his wife had rung the bell before for prayers. Unfortunately, she had on one of those ridiculous made of silk gowns. Every moment was tried to extinguish the flames about her, and under the hoofs with the sofa cushions and other things at hand. He also knelt on and tried to smother and break them, for the purpose of putting the fire out, but all without avail, and they had to be cut off before it could be extinguished. She had been wearing, with a candle by her side, which had burnt down in the socket, and he believed that she had tried to reach an envelope from the case when the light caught her muslin sleeve.

—You don't happen to have lost such a thing as a finger? said a certain boy in the employment of the Zoological Society, London, arriving at the house of a gentleman to whom he had been sent to make the above remarkable inquiry. The gentleman's hand was bound up, and he made answer to the boy, "Yes, I have, and you may go back to your master and tell him that if he has found it he may put it in spirits and keep it as a warning to others not to act so foolishly as I have done." "I had observed the gentleman often," said the superintendent, describing the circumstance to the four travelers who had placed themselves under his guidance; "I had observed him, and had often warned him that to play with the bears, as he was in the habit of doing when he came here, was very dangerous, for he would put his hand into the cage and tease them and play with them as if they were two cats. One day I came to the cage and he was lying outside in a human form, with the tawny hawk lying in it in a long strip. 'It's that gentleman's finger,' I said, 'and he's gone away without saying anything, for he used always to make light of my warning, and would tell me that he knew all about it, and was not afraid of a bit.' And the finger was his, sure enough."

—The father and mother of the Baron de Vidare both living; the first is 80 and the second 75 years of age. Some years ago the Baron and his brother were in partnership in the glove trade in London, importing gloves from Grenoble, a great place for the manufacture of such articles. They were prosperous as glove merchants; and when the Baron became acquainted with Miss —, his brother advanced him considerable sums of money to facilitate the marriage with that lady. A dispute took place between the brothers on account of this money. It is believed that the Baron, having promised to return after the marriage, the money so advanced to him had declined fulfilling his engagement, and consequently has never been seen on good terms with the other members of his family. At one of the last concerts given by Lord Dudley and Ward, that nobleman was astonished upon perceiving the Baron among his guests. Lord Dudley asked the Baron "how he came to be there?" "Well," said the Baron, "I received an invitation." "I beg your pardon," replied Lord Dudley, "you received no invitation, and I must request you at once to leave the room."

—A note in *The Pays*, signed by the Secretary of the R. I. section, gives particulars of the incident which occurred at Rome, originating in the refusal of Monsignor de Merode, notwithstanding the orders of the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli, to give up to a French court-martial a Papal soldier who had wounded a French soldier. According to the note of M. de Merode, much invited, hastened to General Goyon, and, with threatening gestures, made use of insulting expressions against the Emperor Napoleon. General Goyon imposed silence, and gave the Monsignor to understand that it was solely on account of his wearing

a priest's gown that he could not box his ears (*lui donner deux soufflets*). He said, however, he did so morally, and added, that if Monsignor de Merode would divest himself of his gown, he would take of his uniform as a General and fight a duel with him. Monsignor de Merode altered himself behind his ecclesiastical character. General Goyon replied that in any case he (Monsignor de Merode) would retain the stigma inflicted by his words. He then ordered a search for the Papal soldier, who was at length given up.

—While at home at Seri, Count Cavour occupied usually a small half-furnished chamber. On a holiday his "fattore" or butler, the village doctor and priest, and one or two farmers of the neighborhood, generally dined with him at his midday meal. In appearance and dress he was not unlike one of them. His simple, easy manners, his hearty laugh, and his cordial greeting were those of an honest country gentleman. There never was a man who looked less like a statesman upon whom rested the fate of nations. He was full of fall of frolic and fun. He would ally him to the doctor that the stranger who had just arrived was Mazzini himself, or he would invent for the priest, with the humor and gravity of Charles Lamb, some marvelous story of the discoveries in unknown regions made by an English traveler who had joined the party. He would enjoy the joke like a very child, rubbing his hands quickly together, as he was wont to do when pleased, and keeping up the "mystification" with infinite relish.

—The late Sidney Herbert killed himself with hard work. He gave up the enjoyments of wealth and a brilliant home for the great game of politics, and has been known to pass a whole Summer and Autumn in London, with only perhaps a day and a night at Wilton. He drove a good constitution too hard, and at Christmas last began to feel that sentence of death had been passed upon him. There is some reason to think that even then, had he given up all work, he might have recovered. All that he did was to leave the House of Commons and to try the comparative repose of the peerage, still retaining his office as Minister for War. Sidney Herbert was born at Richmond, in 1819, the second son of the eleventh Earl of Pembroke, whose title he would have inherited had he lived. His mother was the only daughter of Sineo, Count Woronzow, so that in blood he was half Russian.

—The members of the "Cabinet's Friendly Society," to the number of about 300, dined together recently at the Crystal Palace. With the aid of voluntary contributions they have succeeded in establishing several small clubs or coffee-houses in different parts of the metropolis, to which the cabinet men resort for their meals and at an hour's rest, without, as formerly, being of necessity driven to seek both in public houses. There is a reading-room attached to each of them, and on Sunday afternoons service is held at each club, when the men attend very numerous. In connection with the club the men have for relief societies among themselves, which are organized like the ordinary provident funds of workmen, the members paying 7d. per week, and receiving 12s. per week while ill, and in case of death a proportionate sum to their families.

—The persons composing the intimate entourage of the French Court are much surprised at the manner in which the Empress is quietly set aside just now. Her Majesty, who is usually the one person foremost in all amusements and pastimes, would, it is thought, have particularly enjoyed the sort of diversions that have been going on at Vichy, the military impromptu balls, *charades*, and other festivities of a remarkably unceremonious species, and it is thought rather odd that she should have been excluded from these while other ladies have been conspicuously associated in them. Some people even go so far as to tell you of grave dissensions between Louis Napoleon and his wife on the subject of Rome.

—A letter from Constantinople in the *Journal de l'Empire* says: "The new Sultan appears determined to never have but one wife. A few days since the Sultan, according to old tradition, purchased a young slave, the most beautiful that could be found in the capital. She dressed her out in jewels and the richest clothing, and offered her to her son. 'Who is that woman?' demanded Abdul Aziz. 'The slave whom, according to custom, I offer you on your accession to the throne,' was the reply. 'I have nothing to say to her,' replied the Sultan; 'have I not a wife whom I love? Let me hear no more of such customs and such presents.' This fact I have from such a source that I can guarantee the correctness of it."

—The death of Lady Jane Ogilvy is announced in recent English papers. It was under her auspices that in 1848, "The Home," an institution for the reformation of women who had lapsed from the path of virtue, was inaugurated. A few years afterward the Baldwin Orphanage and Asylum for idiot children was established by her exertions, and only last year the Convalescent Hospital in Union place owed to her its existence. Her private charities, also, though less conspicuous, were great. Lady Jane Ogilvy was the daughter of the late Thomas, sixteenth Earl of Suffolk and Bergham.

—Saperb and costly preparations were made for the expected visit of Queen Victoria to Killarney. A magnificent marquee, of a costly nature, is to be erected at Derrynish by Lord Cieslesore, where, it is stated, the Royal family would dine on the second day of their visit. This place has been selected by his Lordship as the most beautiful spot in the vicinity of the lakes, and is situated to command views of the Upper Lake, Muckross House and demesne, the cascade, and the peaks of the chain of mountains, including the Reeks—the Irish Alps.

—The Queen has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the great seal, granting the dignity of Viscount and Earl of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland unto the Right Hon. John Russell (commonly called Lord John Russell), and to the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, by the names, styles, and titles of Viscount Amberley, of Amberley, in the County of Gloucester, and of Ardsall, in the County of Meath, and Earl Russell, of Kingsland, in the County of Dorset.

—The hereditary Prince of Hohenzollern, who is to marry the Infanta of Portugal, was to leave Prussia for Lisbon about the middle of next month, and the marriage is to be celebrated on the 7th of September, the fiftieth anniversary of the birth of the Prince's father. After the wedding, the young couple are to visit the courts of London and Brussels, and will then reside for some time on the estates of the Hohenzollern family in Switzerland.

—The *Journal de Charleville* states that a dispute, of a purely personal nature, having arisen between a M. Cador and M. Mallien, of that place, the one affirming something which the other denied, they agreed to refer the matter to arbitration, the lower to give 2,000 francs to the poor of the town. The tribunal considered M. Cador in the wrong, and the poor of Charleville are to have the 2,000 francs.

—During the stay of the Empress at Fontainebleau, she, and some of the ladies who accompanied her, adopted some very pretty and original fancy costumes. They wore their dresses looped up over striped silk petticoats of very bright colors, with leather garters, and small turned-up white straw hats, with black and white rosettes, or tufts. One of the ladies wore a sailor's costume, consisting of a small straw hat with a straight brim, and a jacket embroidered with anchors.

—A student at Williamstown has amused himself by assuming the guise of a gorilla, and frightening the inhabitants along the Vermont line. He was pursued through the woods with guns, but so frightened his pursuers by his hideous appearance that they could not shoot straight, and he escaped harm.

—The Providence (R. I.) papers announce the death of Emmanuel Rice, esq., a very prominent citizen, long associated in business with the Spragues, and of Walter R. Danforth, the fourth Mayor of the city, and long eminent in all its enterprises and charities.

—The boys and girls of Sheffield have raised a statue

a priest's gown that he could not box his ears (*lui donner deux soufflets*). He said, however, he did so morally, and added, that if Monsignor de Merode would divest himself of his gown, he would take of his uniform as a General and fight a duel with him. Monsignor de Merode altered himself behind his ecclesiastical character. General Goyon replied that in any case he (Monsignor de Merode) would retain the stigma inflicted by his words. He then ordered a search for the Papal soldier, who was at length given up.

—While at home at Seri, Count Cavour occupied usually a small half-furnished chamber. On a holiday his "fattore" or butler, the village doctor and priest, and one or two farmers of the neighborhood, generally dined with him at his midday meal. In appearance and dress he was not unlike one of them. His simple, easy manners, his hearty laugh, and his cordial greeting were those of an honest country gentleman. There never was a man who looked less like a statesman upon whom rested the fate of nations. He was full of fall of frolic and fun. He would ally him to the doctor that the stranger who had just arrived was Mazzini himself, or he would invent for the priest, with the humor and gravity of Charles Lamb, some marvelous story of the discoveries in unknown regions made by an English traveler who had joined the party. He would enjoy the joke like a very child, rubbing his hands quickly together, as he was wont to do when pleased, and keeping up the "mystification" with infinite relish.

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